



TIMOTHY EATON MEMORIAL CHURCH
TORONTO

Memorial Service

IN HONOUR OF

OUR GALLANT DEAD

1914 - 1919

Sunday, June 4th, 1922

at 11 o'clock a.m.



LOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !
There's none of these so lonely and poor
of old,

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red,
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,
That men call age; and those who would have
been

Their sons, they gave their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our
dearth,

Holiness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

Order of Service



Doxology

Invocation - - - - REV. JOSEPH ODERY, D.D.

Hymn - - - - "O God, our help in ages past"

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Prayer - - - - REV. J. HUGH MICHAEL, M.A.

Anthem

"Souls of the Righteous"

Noble

Responsive Reading

(The congregation standing is requested to read the verses in italics.)

A PSALM OR HYMN OF PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING AFTER VICTORY.

If the Lord had not been on our side, now may we say: if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us;
They had swallowed us up quick; when they were so wrathfully displeased at us.

Yea, the waters had drowned us, and the stream had gone over our soul: the deep waters of the proud had gone over our soul.

But praised be the Lord: who hath not given us over as a prey unto them.
The Lord hath wrought a mighty salvation for us.

We gat not this by our own sword, neither was it our own arm that saved us; but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto us.

The Lord hath appeared for us: the Lord hath covered our heads, and made us to stand in the day of battle.

The Lord hath appeared for us: the Lord hath overthrown our enemies, and dashed in pieces those that rose up against us.

Therefore not unto us, O Lord, not unto us: but unto thy name be given the glory.

The Lord hath done great things for us: the Lord hath done great things for us, for which we rejoice.

Our help standeth in the name of the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

Blessed be the name of the Lord: from this time forth for evermore.

Hymn

"God of our fathers, known of old"

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of the far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen hearts that put their trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Address - - - - - REV. C. A. WILLIAMS

Unveiling of Tablet - - MRS. TIMOTHY EATON

Roll-call of the Fallen - - MR. W. V. ECCLESTONE

JOHN CRAWFORD ANGLIN
QUINTON W. BANNISTER
EDWARD B. BOOTH
BURNAL BROWN
C. ELBRIDGE BURDEN
JAMES L. BURTON
ARTHUR J. DUNCAN
GEORGE R. S. FLEMING
JOHN GOODISON HILL
A. CLIVE HURST
REGINALD H. M. JOLLIFFE
BURNEY McMURTRY
ROBIN ROWAT
W. ARTHUR RYMAL
ELLIS VAIR REID
FREDERICK G. SCOTT
T. VINCENT SPARLING
R. H. A. WEST
FRANK ABBOTT WOOD
H. R. LINDSAY WRIGHT

Last Post

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God.

Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me: What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me: These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Hymn

- - "For all the saints who from their labours rest"

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be forever blest.

Alleluia !

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true light.

Alleluia !

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia !

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia !

National Anthem

God save our gracious King;
Long live our noble King;
God save the King !
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King !

Benediction



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